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## Choice Miscellany.

### LEMUEL JONES ON "MEN."

"The man 'at gives up, he hain't no man," said Lemuel Jones to me. "Of the kind of the sort of the make of a man. That it's good for a man to be. For the man 'at gives up, he worries himself. An' worries his neighbors, too. An' he loses time 'at he might use. Just a pushin' the old thing through. The man who gives up when he fails to get. From the gal that he loves, a smirk. Is the man who 'l resign after one good look. At a job that looks like work. When his store burns out, or his house burns down. Or the sheriff shuts him up. Or his first-born dies, or a note comes due. Or he's hit by a brindle pup. He'll fold his hands an' set up a howl. An' say that his luck 's no good. An' go an' lay down in the shade of a tree. While his wife splits up the wood. I tell you, that sort of a make-'lieve man. Might just 'bout 'a well be dead. For a man can't win when his back bone won't. Hold up the back of his head."

"The feller who jumps up quick and laughs. Whenever he gets knocked down. An' pitches right into the scrap agin' 'Till he does his man up brown. Or, maybe, gets licked by the other chap. An' admits it, fair and square. Is the kind of the sort of the make of a man. That 't eventually get there. The man that loses his wife or child. An' suffers his heart alone. That sees a hull year's savior's go. With only half a groan. An' launches some brand-new scheme. After the dust is done. A-settin' round the ruins of. The latest bustled one. He never gives up, an' he's the man," said Lemuel Jones to me. "Of the kind of the sort of the make of a man. That it's good for a man to be." —Charles N. Hood, in Puck.

### MADE HIM PRESIDENT.

The Fall of James A. Garfield Over a Canoeboard's Side. It was tumbling overboard from a canoe boat and a miraculous escape by spinning up a rope that changed the destiny of James A. Garfield, 20th President of the United States. As the world knows, Garfield, like Lincoln, was born amid distressing poverty. His father died when he was 18 months old, leaving, besides himself, three other children for the impoverished widow to support and rear. At an early age he was compelled to work at the humblest toil to help provide food and clothing for the family. He engaged in various occupations that boy could find, and finally, when about 16 years old, he conceived an overwhelming desire to become a sailor. This his mother would not listen to, and long and frequent were the controversies on the subject. Finally, he was so importunate that his mother, from a pure sense of weariness, consented that he make one voyage on the lakes, believing that one voyage, with its kicks and cuffs and attendant hardships, would cure her son of his nautical ambition. Young Garfield thereupon went to Cleveland and sought to enlist on a lake vessel. In this, to his great disappointment, he was unsuccessful. But he did find a semi-nautical berth as a driver of mules on the canal boat Evening Star, commanded by his cousin, Capt. Amos Letcher. He remained at this work two months and was very efficient. During this period he felt overboard no less than 14 times, the last time being saved only by a miracle.

It was a dark, stormy night, and Garfield, who had been promoted from the towpath, had been called to man a line which was to steady the boat into a lock. In the darkness he tripped and went overboard. He was the only person on deck, so nobody witnessed the affair. The youth struck out, and suddenly his hand touched a rope that was trailing astern. Fortunately the rope had a kink in it, which had got jammed in the hawse pipe, and this enabled the boy to climb to the deck hand over hand. But his wetting gave him a severe cold, which took such threatening proportions that he had to go home and be nursed through a long illness. During this his mother never ceased to pray that her son might be preserved to achieve greater things than could come from a sailor's life, and God answered her prayers. When the young man recovered he showed no desire to go back to his canal boat occupation, but willingly accepted the advice of his mother and friends to enter upon the course of study which eventuated in one of the most remarkable careers in American history.—William M. Thayer's Book.

### BISHOP POTTER'S IDEA.

Fitting Punishment for the Man Who Tells a "Cheesecake." Bishop Potter, the dignified bishop of New York, is the joker of the house of bishops. He is always looking for a chance to make some of his brethren of the cassock the object of a little harmless laughter. He is also the raconteur-in-chief of the august body to which he belongs. At almost any time when the house is not in session, he is the center of a little group of clergymen and bishops to whom he is telling one of his droll stories. His slow yet easy manner of narration and the drooping eyelids, which remind one of Mr. Stoll, add greatly to the effect of his anecdotes.

The accommodating bishop of Iowa introduced a reporter to Bishop Potter on morning while he was regaling two of his associates with an account of a device of his own invention for the suppression of story-tellers who deal in ancient tales.

"Do you know what we say of reporters in New York?" asked the bishop.

"The reporter ventured a conjecture that it was nothing of a complimentary nature."

"We say: 'Take them out and slay them,'" replied the bishop.

"Then he went on with his story."

"Some of us were talking the other night," he proceeded, slowly, "about people who tell old stories at dinners. I suggested that it would be a happy idea of the host to conceal a large chestnut in a group of palms and flowers in the center of the table and have this chestnut connected with a mechanical contrivance which could be worked by a button placed at each guest's seat. When anyone was telling a story the moment a guest recognized the earmarks of age he would press the button and the chestnut would rise up in the center of the table. And then he would be silenced? Oh, no. He would turn to the interrupter and say: 'Finish it.' If he were not able to do it he would be fined a liberal amount. If he could finish it the man who began it would be fined; but in all cases the fines are to go to foreign missions."—Minneapolis Journal.

### SKELETONS IN A MOUND.

Relics of an Earlier Race Unearthed on a Farm Near Toledo.

A mound on the farm of Henry T. Niles, lying just outside the city limits of Toledo, O., was opened the other day. The most remarkable discoveries, after a large excavation had been made, were no less than 20 skeletons, all in a sitting posture and in a row. Beside each one, the face of which was invariably toward the east, was a curious wrought piece of pottery ware, different from that which has been taken from the mounds in other localities, so far as known. These bowls would hold perhaps a gallon or more each, and the edges, instead of being plain and crude, are fluted in rough ornamental style, while on the sides are curiously wrought figures, whether pictorial or hieroglyphical can scarcely be determined. The skeletons, from long interment and sudden exposure to the elements, naturally began to crumble and fall to dust in small pieces. But many of them were preserved in sections, and one or two skulls are kept intact. From careful measurements, the bodies seem to have been of about the same stature as the people of to-day, although the lower jaws are larger, heavier and stronger, and the teeth were about twice as large as those of the people of to-day. Further excavations will be made.

### NOW IT'S A QUINTUPLE WHEEL.

A Bicycle That Holds Five Riders and Is Used in Pace-Making.

The success of the quadruplet bicycles, several of which were seen at Manhattan Beach during the summer, and upon which a team of evenly matched wheelmen can make phenomenal time, has insured machines of this class a permanent position on the exhibition tracks. The latest in the line of racing machines is a quintuple, the first one ever built, which will be used in pacing Windle, the retired champion, who, after an absence of two years from the track, has again gone into training with the intention of breaking some world's records.

The quintuple, which is known as a Berio, weighs 103 pounds and is geared to 112. It was used in tests with Windle at Hartford recently, and was manned by George Thatcher, Burns Pierce, E. Fitzgerald, F. W. Meyer and E. W. Haggerty. By its aid Windle was enabled at that time to make a mile in 1:47 2-5, clipping a fifth of a second off the class B record.

### BARRED FROM NAVAL COLLEGE.

Americans and Others Not to Enjoy Privileges at Greenwich.

It is certain that the American naval officer of the future will not be able to enjoy the privileges afforded by a course of study at Greenwich in the college. An order is about to be issued by the admiralty forbidding the entry of any foreign officer into the naval college or on British warships. This order is not specially aimed at any power, but America and Japan will get the chief sufferers, as for a long time past they have been sending young officers to Greenwich for a two-year course. At present the only foreigners at the naval college are two graduates of Annapolis and one Japanese officer. The order, however, does not apply to those who are now there, but it will keep out future applicants.

To Cast a Mammoth Bell.

Preparations for the casting of a mammoth church bell have been going on for some weeks at a bell foundry in Cincinnati, O. The bell will be larger than the famous thirteen and a half ton bell at Montreal, which is now the greatest on the continent. In ornamental design it will surpass all bells in existence and will be the largest swinging bell in the world. It will supplement a chime of forty bells. The clapper weighs 640 pounds. It is to swing in St. Francis de Sales church.

## THE STATION AGENT.

He Thinks He Has More Than His Share of Life's Worries.

The life of a railroad agent at a way station is not all sunshine by any means, and those whose position brings with it a little occasional and probably deserved reproach from superiors, should carefully read the mail brought to one agent in a single day.

The superintendent of the road wrote to say that he wanted the agent to understand that he was not the superintendent of the road, and that if he heard any more of his impertinence he would discharge him immediately.

The general baggage agent sent a letter of inquiry as to why the agent had "neglected to run the mail through the last paragraph on the express baggage check issued on the 3d," and intimating that such another neglect would mean removal.

The telegraph superintendent informed the agent that unless he did better than he did in delay reports 50 minutes after being left by the train, he might consider himself discharged.

The auditor growled because all through the month of May the agent had included prepaid receipts in his daily balances, and said that whenever he asked for the removal of an agent he almost always received satisfaction.

The car accountant wrote that there were two days' car reports in the envelope he had just sent, and showed that he was growing careless. As it was the second offense, the next time should be the last.

The general freight agent called his attention to a complaint from a man to whom he quoted a rate of \$50 on cattle standard car to Chicago when the tariff rate was \$32. As the office had been having so much trouble with its agents over such matters, it had decided to make an example of him.

The general passenger agent mailed him the information that he had issued vouchers in his favor for \$30, the difference between the first and second class fare between his station and Kansas City, though he had been very careless in failing to puncture the ticket "second class." The letter contained a warning that if it occurred again he would get into trouble.

The trainmaster was right to the point when he wrote: "You understand that no excuse can be accepted for delays to foot freight. What excuse have you to offer for delaying No. 29 to load cabbage?"

Sam Deane wrote to inquire why his box of bones was not with such things. The water superintendent expressed himself as follows: "Why don't you call that the tank at your place is not allowed to run over and weaken the foundation? I shall report this to the superintendent."

A man with so many superiors ready to call him to account might be excused if he felt an occasional pang of discouragement. Perhaps he was one of the kind to whom use had lessened marvel, and he took these letters and their contents as matters of course in his business. Still, he could not have been so hardened as not to have felt some sort of satisfaction as he opened this letter, the last in that day's mail.

"My Dear Boy: If the time ever comes when everything is not going right, remember your old father has a good farm where you can be happy and independent. Your affectionate father."

—N. Y. Railroad Men.

## IN LABRADOR WILDS.

The Second Northern Trip of a Canadian Explorer.

More information about the features and great mineral wealth of the interior of Labrador is in preparation by Mr. A. P. Low, the Canadian government explorer, who in 1893 and 1894 traversed the interior of this huge peninsula from south to north and from east to west, says a dispatch from Quebec. He has now just returned from an exploration of that portion of the height of land in which the rivers flow, through Labrador into the Gulf of St. Lawrence take their rise. He was nearly four months absent on his last trip, upon which he entered in May last, going into the interior from the coast just north of Anticosti, and then ascending the Berimiss and Manicouagan rivers, subsequently, from their headwaters, portaging to other streams that led him some 400 miles further to the north and to a point near to a portion of his big tour of two years ago. The rapids of the rivers were the wildest and the weather the worst ever experienced by the explorer, and, after having had many escapes from destruction, he had the misfortune to lose one of his Indians.

A portion of the party was going over a portage, when the unfortunate Indian undertook to run his canoe down the rapid. He had miscalculated his violence, struck a rock, and was swamped. The supplies of the party were saturated by water and rendered useless. The country through which they traveled, like the rest of Labrador, is principally valuable for its mineral resources. Mr. Low says that there is abundance of iron ore everywhere, and good beds of copper. Indications of silver were also seen, but the timber is principally small in consequence of the severity of the climate. All the waters passed through swam with trout and other game fish of the largest size and finest quality. One result of Mr. Low's last exploration will be to materially change the face of the map of the country.—Cincinnati Gazette.

The Difference.

A locomotive engineer and a marine engineer were disputing over the relative danger of their occupations, each one claiming that his own condition was the less perilous.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the steamboat man. "If you are on your engine, and you go crash-bang into another train, why, there you are!"

"Yes," answered the railroad man; "and if you are in your engine-room at sea, and the boiler bursts, where are you?"—Harper's Round Table.

—The greatest river is the Amazon. It is navigable for ocean steamers for 2,000 miles from its mouth. At parts of its course one bank cannot be seen from the other; the observer seems to be looking out upon a sea of fresh water.

## ANTITOXINE SERUM.

Progress of a New Agent in the Treatment of Diphtheria.

How the Blood of Lower Animals Is Employed as a Curative of Human Ills—A Valuable Scientific Discovery.

The new treatment of diphtheria by means of antitoxine serum has occupied the attention of the medical world for about a year and a half. It has been the leading subject for discussion at associations, at congresses, at the May meeting of the American Medical Association, and at the meeting of the British Medical Association.

All agree that it possesses both curative and prophylactic actions, the degree of success alone being discussed. The success of this remedy in this particular disease has opened up new fields for research in the same line in the treatment of other germinical diseases. A review of the curative action and the mode of preparation of the serum will be timely, and especially so as it is claimed that this treatment has already reduced the mortality of this dread disease to less than one-half.

The cardinal principle upon which its curative action depends is contained in the fact that the blood possesses in its normal constituents a certain germicidal, or disease-killing, action due to some constituent not yet clearly defined. This constituent destroys micro-organisms, or disease germs, that find their way, from whatever source, into the animal economy. The battle wages in every germinical disease for a longer or shorter time, till either the blood or the micro-organisms and their products predominate. For instance, in typhoid fever this battle rages for 21 days. If the blood is victorious in the struggle, this germicidal or disease-killing constituent is enormously increased, and consequently produces an immunity in that particular disease until it has disappeared from the blood, which in different diseases varies greatly—for instance, smallpox, after successful vaccination for seven years or more, or in diphtheria six or eight months. In consideration of this fact the question arises: How can we produce an artificial immunity in an animal and make a practical application thereof?

The action of antitoxine, then, is physiological and natural, in that it is simply transmitting its accumulated germicidal constituent from the animal in which it has been artificially generated to the person suffering from the disease, and the disease secured by the serum containing this constituent acting upon and destroying the disease organisms in the system into which it has been introduced.

The germicide or antitoxine serum is produced in this way: A healthy animal, known to be susceptible to the disease, is selected, either a goat, a sheep or a horse. It is treated with a subcutaneous injection of a culture media containing diphtheria bacilli. This injection, which is made in the neck, is in an attenuated form, as the germs are subjected to 85 degrees centigrade of heat for five minutes, thus rendering them less virulent. In three days he is again treated with a stronger injection, in a similar way, and so on for several months, until the animal is no longer affected by the injections of the most virulent cultures, until complete immunity has been produced.

Blood is now drawn from the animal under the strictest antiseptic precautions, as the slightest contamination destroys the efficacy of the germicide. The blood is then allowed to separate into serum and clot; the serum is then drawn off under the same strict precautions and placed in bottles for use.

This serum contains the antitoxine or germicidal constituent already mentioned, and possesses the power of destroying the diphtheria bacilli when introduced into the circulation of a diphtheria patient.

A specially constructed hypodermic syringe is used; the serum is injected under the skin of the patient, and the strictest antiseptic precautions are observed. The earlier in the disease the remedy is used the more favorable is the prognosis. Healthy individuals who have been exposed to the disease should also resort to the treatment, as it is claimed that temporary immunity may be secured thereby.

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### Woman's Department.

#### LITTLE OLD-FASHIONED.

As prim as a lily in some quiet nook,  
She sits by herself, with her slate or her book,  
And hears with an air patronizingly say  
The voices of other sweet children at play.  
Deny her the sighs, by which you infer  
That such romping and merriment are not  
for her;  
But some one's heart whispers that she is her  
pearl,  
Her little home-body, her old-fashioned girl.  
She "plays tea" alone by a sofa or chair,  
Rocks baby to sleep with a matronly air,  
Then sews by the cradle. With glasses on,  
she  
A pocket edition of granny would be.  
When mother looks careworn, ah! quickly  
she sees,  
And knows how a few soothing love-words  
will please;  
Then in that dear lap lays each soft, shining  
curl;  
She's mother's own comfort, her old-fash-  
ioned girl.  
When twilight has mellowed the loud play-  
time din,  
She quietly asks, "Are the children all in?"  
Or, watching the gate, when a footstep comes  
near,  
She whispers, "That's father; I'm so glad  
he's here!"  
The youngest of shoulders, the oldest of  
heads!  
Does any one know a wee darling who sheds  
A joy and a sunshine, 'mid life's tireless  
whirl,  
Like mother's home-body, her old-fashioned  
girl?  
Do not beat eggs for custards too light,  
as they will float and not mix well.

A pretty way to bake apples is to cut  
them into halves, leaving on the skin.  
Sprinkle a little sugar over them, and  
bake in a pan, skin side down. The skin  
need not be eaten, but it holds the slices  
in form somewhat.

Water alone can be used in cooking  
any of the cereals, but they are found to  
be much richer and finer flavored if half  
water and half milk is used. A great  
deal of stirring makes them starchy,  
therefore they should invariably be  
cooked in a double boiler.

To a pint of hot milk add a cupful of  
bread crumbs, cup of sugar, tablespoon-  
ful of butter, a pinch of salt, and any  
spice preferred. When the mixture is  
cold, add 3 well beaten eggs and 2 cup-  
fuls of chopped peaches. Stir well, put  
in a covered pudding mold and steam  
two hours. Tard apples may be used in-  
stead of peaches. Serve hot, with any  
sauce preferred.

A tested recipe for whole wheat gems  
calls for two cupfuls of the flour mixed  
with a teaspoonful of the sugar. Sepa-  
rate yolks and yolks of two eggs, beat  
the whites light and add a cup of sweet  
milk, a little at a time, beating all the  
while. Stir this mixture into the flour,  
and when smooth and light add a cupful  
of stiff froth and add to the batter; fold  
them in lightly and quickly, and turn  
into hot gem pans that have been thor-  
oughly greased. Bake in a quick oven  
from twenty to twenty-five minutes.

Sometimes I think mothers sacrifice  
too much; this is because they love too  
well; sometimes they make ideals of the  
children and blind their own eyes to  
faults. It is well to let the children  
know you regard them as ideals, mothers  
dear, because that means that you ap-  
preciate their every virtue and every effort  
to do right. Whenever you call a child's  
attention to one instance of his well-  
doing, you arm him with weapons to  
fight the wrong. He is glad to be  
your appreciation and he uses for your  
good on the next opportunity that  
presents itself.

#### FOOD, BEAUTY, AND MORALITY.

Professor F. T. Miles, of the faculty of  
the University of Maryland, delivered a  
lecture recently to a large audience of  
young men on "Food and Digestion."  
In the course of his lecture Professor  
Miles, in speaking of the effects of an  
insufficient quantity of food, said: "The  
fast disappears first, then the muscles  
waste away, and finally the bones come  
through the skin. The brain, the spinal  
cord and the nerves are nourished to the  
last. Like a king in a beleaguered city to  
whom his loyal subjects give up their  
food, the nobler organs are longest nour-  
ished. In starvation there is not simple  
hunger of the stomach, but hunger of  
the whole body. It is not strange that  
when hunger presses on people they get  
to do strange things. It produces insanity,  
and they have been driven to eating what  
has been called 'strange flesh'; that is to  
say, cannibalism.

There are millions of people who have  
not enough to eat. It is at the bottom  
of anarchy. The police may give them  
a loaf of bread, but the whole body is ill-  
nourished, and a restless feeling results.  
Not much can be done with the grown-up  
people of the criminal classes, but the  
child criminal comes first. The  
criminal classes are called dirty, lazy and  
ugly. Of course they are. They are  
dirty because they have no spare heat to  
let go; lazy, because the muscles are  
weak and nature tells them to keep still  
when hungry. You would be astonished to  
know how much of the beauty of the  
fairest women is made up of fat. The  
criminal classes are ugly because they  
have no fat. How could a child whose  
muscles and nervous system have been  
partly starved be expected to have all  
the sympathies and instincts of a higher  
class of society?

An every-day Sabbath-school with a  
breakfast before the lesson would be a  
capital thing for poor children. Some  
say the poor themselves are to blame for  
their condition by living too luxuriously.  
One of the most intense cravings of the  
Grosely Arctic party was for sweetmeats.  
Tea and coffee do more good than harm.

teaspoon of baking powder; two tes-  
poons of lard; water to form a dough.)  
Fill the pie with a layer of chicken;  
a layer of sliced hard-boiled eggs, till all  
is in (usually four eggs to a chicken);  
then pour the gravy over; cover with a  
top crust and bake to a nice brown.  
Veal pie made in the same way is very  
fine, or if your chicken is not large, use  
veal with it; stew them together, and  
few can tell that it is not all chicken.—  
Womankind.

### SANCTIFIED SISTERS.

A Queer Sect of Women Located  
in Texas.

They Live Like Monks and are Guided by  
Dreams—Celibacy is an Impos-  
sible Part of Their  
Religion.

Located in the thriving town of Bel-  
ton, Tex., in the central part of that  
state, is a curious colony of religious as-  
sumed as "Sanctified Sisters," or "Sanc-  
tificationists." Three representa-  
tives of this order are Mrs. Martha  
McWhirter, founder of the sect; Mrs.  
Gertrude Scheebie, secretary of the co-  
operative institution owned and con-  
trolled by these peculiar people, and the  
treasurer, Miss Lizzie Holtzclaw.

This strange community of earnest  
women is the outgrowth of a religious  
movement that has cut off its members  
from all intercourse with the world,  
and has even divided happy house-  
holds. The doctrine professed by the  
women is of a very simple character,  
and embodies three essential principles—  
a life of celibacy, a common property  
interest and an isolated existence.

Among the members are those who  
previously were social leaders in their  
respective towns, universally respect-  
ed and some of them were very wealthy.  
The original leader of the Sanctifica-  
tionists, and their present head, Mrs.  
Martha McWhirter, is a woman of in-  
doubtable will. She was the mother of  
twelve children when first she con-  
ceived the idea of this new belief. Her  
husband naturally opposed her extraor-  
dinary views and endeavored to prevent  
her from assisting in spreading them,  
but his objections were in vain.

Nineteen years ago the society as-  
sumed tangible form, and since that  
period a steady growth, financial and  
otherwise, has taken place. History  
records no instance where stubborn-  
ness, folly and fanaticism have been so  
strangely intermingled. Stern devotion  
to principle, heroic fortitude and self-  
sacrifice have been and are the con-  
trolling influences. In the early days  
of the society the women determined  
to raise money in order that the so-  
ciety might be self-supporting. Each  
employed a method of her own for ac-  
complishing this result.

It is strikingly indicative of their  
earnestness to know that one woman,  
who had previously lived in affluence,  
bought wood as it stood in the forest  
and with the aid of another sister cut  
the timber and hauled the fuel to mar-  
ket. Others accepted positions as com-  
esthetics in households in adjoining  
towns, their earnings being pooled for  
mutual benefit. Others sold country  
produce and a few took in laundry work  
to add a mite to the assets.

No uniform is worn by the Sanctifi-  
cationists, nor have they ever adopted  
one. They dress plainly, and at one  
time wore bonnets similar to those  
worn by orthodox Quaker women. A  
little more latitude in the matter of  
dress has been allowed recently, and  
modern hats have been received with  
favor.

The community consists of 32 mem-  
bers, all of whom live at the Central  
hotel in Belton. This building is their  
own property. The Central Hotel com-  
pany is a corporation well and favor-  
ably known in financial circles and re-  
presents the united interests of the  
sisters. The estimated wealth of the  
sect is \$100,000. The hotel building and  
furnishings cost \$50,000. The rest of  
their capital is distributed in smaller  
enterprises.

It is the aim of the sisters to make  
their community as complete within it-  
self as it is possible to make it. With  
that end in view the entire work is  
done by the members, who have a sys-  
tematic method of dividing the labor.  
One of them will teach the children.  
One of the sisters is an expert dentist  
and has an office fully equipped for  
working at her profession. The income  
from the hotel is the principal source  
of revenue, but every investment seems  
to have been a profitable one, rendering  
the organization self-supporting and  
entirely independent. They are engaged  
in making public improvements and are  
all among the most active and pro-  
gressive citizens, always ready to ad-  
vance the interests of the town. Mrs.  
McWhirter is a member of the board of  
trade and a director of the opera ad-  
visory committee of Belton.

There is no formal worship of any  
kind practiced by the sisters, but their  
devotional exercises are part of their  
creed, and they are also largely guided  
by "dreams." A recital of religious ex-  
perience by members forms a basis for  
all their important actions. They also  
claim to be possessed of a delicate sense,  
which is their greatest help, and by it  
they detect mistakes made and through  
it correct them.

They try to improve themselves in-  
tellectually, and are regular subscribers  
to the leading papers of the great  
cities. In their library are all the  
standard works, but the works of fol-  
low, Bellamy and other would-be re-  
formers are most plentiful.

Woman suffrage is a hobby of the  
Sanctificationists, and they consider  
themselves an instructive illustration  
of what women can accomplish in un-  
usual walks of life.—N. Y. World.

**A Talking Machine.**  
The gramophone, a talking machine,  
much simpler and cheaper than the  
phonograph, invented by Dr. Berliner,  
the famous electrician, will soon be  
put upon the market. Its records of  
human speech and song, it is said,  
are indestructible, and can be cheaply  
multiplied to an indefinite extent by  
simple mechanical means. What it has  
to say or sing can be heard all over an  
ordinary sized house. So devoid of  
complexity is its construction that the  
complete apparatus will cost only  
eighteen dollars, and a smaller edifi-  
cation, intended for the use of children,  
will be sold for five dollars.—Chicago  
Chronicle.

Beecham's pills for consti-  
pation 10¢ and 25¢. Get the  
book at your druggist's and  
go by it.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

# General Harrison's First Article



In his series on

## "THIS COUNTRY OF OURS"

is in the current (December) issue of

## The Ladies' Home Journal

EVERYBODY IS READING IT

Ten Cents

On Any News-stand

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

### A MARVEL.

REMARKABLE AND ASTONISHING CURE  
OF AN EXTREME CASE OF ST. VITUS  
DANCE.

How a Young Lady Regained the Use of Her  
Arms, Limbs and Speech in Three Weeks.  
From the Standard-Union, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Too much hard study at school  
brought on St. Vitus' dance. Such was  
the common experience of Miss Glendon  
Rivers, daughter of Mr. Amelia Rivers,  
of 68 Ryerson street, Brooklyn. The dis-  
ease grew worse every month, until the  
young lady's entire right side became  
paralyzed; but now that a marvelous  
and permanent cure has been wrought,  
it will be interesting to read her own  
version of the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"For more than a year," said Miss  
Rivers, "I was a sick woman, and was  
affecting the slightest change in my con-  
dition. If anything, I grew worse under  
their treatment, until February of this  
year, when my condition became criti-  
cal."

"I had lost the complete use of my  
arms and limbs and speech. I could  
only swallow liquids, and these only as  
they fed me with a spoon, when they  
could get my mouth open. I wanted  
to sleep all the time. The stupor I laid  
in was something like a trance, and no  
doubt I would have died if they had not  
waked me up at intervals."

"The first week in March my mother,  
who is a sick nurse, was advised by a  
neighbor to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills  
in my case. She got some of the pills—  
a box from Nelson's drug store, at the  
corner of Myrtle Avenue and Hall Street.  
Before I had taken one-half the contents  
of the box a remarkable change was  
noticed in my condition."

"Gradually I regained the use of my  
arms and limbs and speech, and by the  
time the pills were gone I was up and  
about the house almost well. But my  
mother thought it wise to get another  
box of the pills, and she did, and here  
you see me stand before you with more  
strength and more ambition than I ever  
had."

"Some of our near neighbors attribute  
my regained body and health to some  
miraculous or supernatural agency; but  
my mother and I are sure that the cure  
was effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."  
"Three weeks from the day I swal-  
lowed the first dose of the pills I was  
as well as you are now," said Miss  
Rivers, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale  
People are a specific for troubles peculiar  
to females, such as suppressions, irregu-  
larities, and all forms of weakness. They  
build up the system, and restore the  
brain and robust health that goes from  
the country to the city, the latter world  
in time become depopulated."

One way to keep the boys on the farm  
is to get rid of the muddy barn yard.  
The typical barn yard ought to drive  
every boy from the farm. I have two  
farms but no barn yards, and if a man  
were to come into my barns with lumber  
and offer to build a barn yard free,  
I would not have it done.

I make the house pleasant by filling it  
with music, pictures, good books and  
agricultural papers. If the children  
must have novels—get them the best—  
not trash. There are other ways which  
one may adopt that will tend to keep the  
boys and girls on the farm. Some games  
may be resorted to, if time is not wasted  
or abused in playing them. I am just  
as willing my children should play cards  
as checkers or "fox and geese," so far  
as the harm is concerned.

Another plan is to give the children a  
part ownership in some crops or animals  
that will serve as an inducement to keep  
the boys at home, and if you can keep  
the best boys, you are sure to keep the  
best girls.—Address of J. S. Woodward,  
N. Y.

### Young Folks' Column.

#### A PET FLYING SQUIRREL.

Once when he was sick, she sat up all  
night with him; and wherever she  
journeyed she took him with her in a  
small traveling contrivance something  
like a tin snail, pierced with many open-  
ings for air, and having a cover which  
she shut him in securely. On one occasion  
he watched his chance and slipped out  
while they were waiting for a train in  
the large room at a depot, and darted  
across the feet of a lady, who shrieked  
out, "A mouse! a mouse! No, 'tisn't a  
mouse! oh, it's a rat! No, 'tisn't a rat!  
oh, what is it? Who is it?"

When she found from her neighbor's  
exclamation that it was "my dear little  
flying squirrel, and I'm afraid I shall  
lose him," she laid down her bundle  
and bags, gathered up her skirts, and  
started to help catch him. But it was  
not so easy. The next woman, and then  
the other one, joined in the pursuit;  
and then the man who came in with the  
coal; and then the ticket-master; and  
then a boy who was hanging about. It  
was almost train time, when all the  
doors would be set open, and a crowd of  
passengers inward bound would come  
pouring in.

The people who were engaged in the  
chase understood the gravity of the  
situation, and each all redoubled  
their energy. The owner, the three  
other women, the man of the coal, the  
ticket-master and the boy went around  
and around that room; they jumped  
up on the seats, and they jumped down  
again; they flapped their hats, and  
struck blindly with their handkerchiefs;  
they poked and punched with un-  
derstanding; they stumbled and reeled,  
and wore themselves out. The naughty  
squirrel would whisk himself against  
their faces, and sail along obligingly  
over their heads, and then he would  
when they felt sure of him, he was gone.  
But at the last moment, when the  
engine was puffing in front of the door,  
he came down of his own accord, just as  
if he knew all about it, slipped into his  
cage, and cuddled down, with an arch  
expression in his big, lustrous eyes,  
which seemed to say that he wondered  
if he was going to have the whipping  
he knew he deserved.

**TO KEEP THE BOYS ON THE FARM.**  
"How can one keep the boys and girls  
on the farm?"  
We don't want to do that. If we did,  
what would become of the villages and  
cities? They must be recruited from  
the country, and were it not for the  
brain and robust health that goes from  
the country to the city, the latter world  
in time become depopulated."

One way to keep the boys on the farm  
is to get rid of the muddy barn yard.  
The typical barn yard ought to drive  
every boy from the farm. I have two  
farms but no barn yards, and if a man  
were to come into my barns with lumber  
and offer to build a barn yard free,  
I would not have it done.

I make the house pleasant by filling it  
with music, pictures, good books and  
agricultural papers. If the children  
must have novels—get them the best—  
not trash. There are other ways which  
one may adopt that will tend to keep the  
boys and girls on the farm. Some games  
may be resorted to, if time is not wasted  
or abused in playing them. I am just  
as willing my children should play cards  
as checkers or "fox and geese," so far  
as the harm is concerned.

Another plan is to give the children a  
part ownership in some crops or animals  
that will serve as an inducement to keep  
the boys at home, and if you can keep  
the best boys, you are sure to keep the  
best girls.—Address of J. S. Woodward,  
N. Y.

**LETTER TO A LITTLE GIRL.**  
(Written by Mr. Field, only a few days  
before his death, in answer to a letter from  
a little Boston girl, telling him she loved him  
and read his books.)

Dear Little Lady: I thank you very  
much for your charming letter. It  
pleases me greatly to know that away  
off in Massachusetts there is a little girl  
who reads and likes what I write. Not  
so very long ago I was a little boy in  
Massachusetts; maybe that is why I  
love the Massachusetts people so very  
much, for indeed my heart turns often  
and tenderly to them, and to their dear  
old hills and pleasant valleys. I have  
several boys of my own now; when  
they are older I shall send them down  
to Massachusetts to see the girls there.  
If ever you see a fine young fellow  
coming down your street and crying at  
the top of his voice, "Where, oh, where  
is the charming Miss Cherry Nichols?"  
you must know he is my boy. And  
you'll be gracious to him, will you not?  
Well, I must stop now, for I must go  
out and shoot a buffalo or two for  
supper. Be sure to call on me if ever  
you come to this wild prairie town.  
Always affectionately your friend,  
EUGENE FIELD.

Chicago, Oct. 17, 1895.

Dear Boys and Girls: I am a girl 13  
years old. I have one brother and no  
sisters. We live on a farm and keep two  
cows, one horse and fifty hens. My  
school closes next Friday. My teacher's  
name is Lizzie Sprout; we all like her  
very much. My studies are history,  
grammar, physiology, arithmetic, geo-  
graphy, reading and spelling. We are  
going to have a Christmas tree at our  
schoolhouse; we expect to have a nice  
time. My address is  
LILLIE M. BLANCHARD,  
East Bowdoinham.

I should like to have all of the girls  
write to me.

If  
Mothers  
Only  
Knew—

How many disorders of children were really caused by  
worms and how quickly and surely they can be cured,  
infant mortality would be reduced to a minimum.  
The great vegetable specific, has been curing children  
for 44 years. It is the safest, quickest, and most effec-  
tual medicine ever prepared for all stomach disorders  
of children or adults. See at all druggists or by mail.  
A valuable book about children sent free to mothers.  
Treatment of Worms a Specialty. Particulars free.  
F. TRUE & CO., AUBURN, ME.

### LIME, CEMENT, PLASTERING HAIR, ETC.

Baskets, Wooden Ware and Dairy Supplies.  
Cider Mills, Feed Cutters, Root Cutters, Clothes Dryers,  
THRESHING MACHINES, &c.  
R. B. DUNNING & CO., Bangor, Me.  
Send for one of our Illustrated Catalogues of Farm Machinery.

#### HOW TO BE POPULAR.

Don't find fault.  
Do not be one minute late at a lunch  
or dinner.  
Do not forget that well-bred people are  
always thoughtful and polite.  
Don't go untidy on the plea that  
everybody knows you.  
Don't be rude to your inferiors in  
social position.  
Don't repeat a gossip, even if it does  
interest a crowd.  
Don't believe that everybody else in  
the world is happier than you.  
Don't contradict people, even if you're  
sure you are right.  
Don't be inquisitive about the affairs  
of even your most intimate friend.  
Don't conclude that you have never  
had any opportunities in your life.

#### A SMALL SON'S SAYINGS.

A little fellow in Belfast, who has just  
arrived at the dignity of his first pair of  
pants, watches very closely the ways of  
his elders. While talking with a little  
girl on the subject of church-going, she  
remarked that her papa had gone to  
church. "Why, no he hasn't, I tell  
you; man's don't go to church." His  
father goes to church now. One rainy  
day recently the little fellow was teasing  
to go out with his umbrella; when his  
mother said if he would stop teasing she  
would tell him about a good little boy  
who never teased his mother, and mind-  
ing what she said, with the suspi-  
cion of tears in his voice, he replied:  
"That boy is dead. I know he is."

Dear Friends: I have been very much  
interested in the column, and being a  
girl, of course I wanted to put in my  
share. Since reading Mr. Grant's letter, I have  
been wondering if all the boys in Maine  
are as smart as he is, and I appeal to the  
readers of this column to enlighten me  
on the subject. I think that it is very  
fortunate for Mr. Grant that he is young,  
for he needs plenty of time to grow older  
and if possible, wiser. A great deal is  
being said nowadays about the so-called  
"woman's sphere," and though I'll wager  
that Mr. Grant don't believe in woman's  
rights, he seems perfectly willing to see  
the girls cut cord word, while he sits on  
the fence and piles the laboring class,  
boys, in particular. Still he was very  
generous to send a little love to us, and I  
deeply regret that I cannot return my  
share with thanks. Where, oh, where is  
that ancient philosopher, R. A. Grover,  
and also Cherry, Leo, Delbert, Miss  
Spittire and others? Do wake up and  
let us know that you are alive. Don't  
let Mr. Grant be the only smart one, for  
I am afraid that he would be lonesome.  
And now hoping that the young folks  
won't let him completely annihilate me,  
I will say good bye. As ever your friend,  
"SENORITA."

Dear Boys and Girls: I am a girl 10  
years old. I live on a farm of about 90  
acres. For pets I have two cats and a  
dog; the cat's names are Catty and  
Tanny. The dog's name is Jack.  
For stock we have one horse, six  
sheep, four cows and two hogs. As  
it is winter I have two cats and a  
dog. I can wash dishes, make beds, sweep  
floors. The boys and girls are having  
quite a time about who are the best, the  
girls or the boys. I think the boys and  
girls stand on equality. I can go out  
of doors and do work. I will sign my  
name in figures.  
9-22-95 12 2-18-97 7-19.  
5-1-18-55-9-14-7 16-12-1-3-5.

Dear Mr. Editor: I am a girl 15  
years old. I live on a farm of 125 acres.  
My father takes the Maine Farmer, so  
I thought I would like to write a piece  
for the paper. My father has for stock  
two yoke of nice three-year-old steers,  
two cows, one heifer, two horses, 40  
sheep, nine hogs, 35 hens. For pets I  
have a dog, his name is Shepherd; two  
cats, their names are Coon and McInty.  
I have brothers and sisters.  
New Sharon. M. N. P.

Permanently Cures Rheumatism.  
There is nothing wonderful about the  
fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla perfectly  
and permanently cures rheumatism, be-  
cause it is well known that rheumatism  
is caused by lactic acid in the blood, and  
Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one true blood  
purifier. Last spring I was troubled with  
that tired feeling and had more or less  
rheumatism, especially when I took cold.  
I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and  
used five bottles. It has built me up and  
given me strength, and have not had any  
rheumatism since taking it. I regard  
Hood's Sarsaparilla as an excellent medi-  
cine, and I propose to begin taking it for  
catarrhal troubles. Mrs. E. Sarah Mur-  
phy, 19 Mill St., Augusta, Maine.

Her Error.  
"I see that you have been buying a  
bicycle," he casually remarked, as  
they sat side by side on the sofa.  
"Yes."  
"Cash or installment?"  
"Two dollars a week," she admitted.  
And thus it was she unknowingly  
caused him to postpone his proposal  
for nearly a year.—Indianapolis Jour-  
nal.

Safety in Numbers.  
Stranger—Suppose there should be  
an accident on your elevated railroad.  
Would it not be terrible?  
Mr. Gotham—Well, I don't know.  
The passengers are generally packed  
in so tight that only the outside layers  
would get hurt.—N. Y. Weekly.

Experienced lumbermen say that  
in the process of seasoning wood should  
be occasionally repiled and decayed or  
defective pieces removed, lest they in-  
fect the others.











## Poetry.

## SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

Only a bank of woods, of simple weeds,  
Of sweet wild thyme and yellow, scented  
broom.  
Of tangled ferns, and slender wind-blown  
reeds.  
Of brown-stained ferns and tall spiked  
glove bloom.  
And yet a world of beauty garners there,  
Low twittering birds, soft scents and colors  
fair.

Only a narrow mound, a long, low mound,  
Snow-covered north a wintry, leaden sky,  
Uplift by moon or stars, and all around  
Through bare brown trees the night winds  
moan and sigh.  
And yet a world of love lies buried there,  
Passion and pain, bright hopes and dull  
despair.

Oh, golden bank, where sunbeams glint  
and play  
Bloom out in fragrance with a hundred  
flowers!  
Oh, narrow mound, keep till the judgment day  
The mournful secrets of these hearts of  
ours!

Then in God's light let joy and sorrow fade,  
For near his brightness both alike are shaded.

## THE FADING YEAR.

Dulled in a drowsy fire, one hardly sees  
The sun in Heaven, where this broad, smoky  
round  
Lies over brooding at the horizon's bound;  
And through the gaunt knolls, on monotone  
less, less  
Or through the damp wood's troops of naked  
trees,  
Rustling the brittle ruin along their ground  
Like sighs from souls of perished hours, re-  
sounding  
The melancholy melodies of the breeze!  
So ghostly and strange a look the blurred  
world wears  
Viewed from this flowerless garden's dreary  
squares,  
That now, while these weird, vaporous days  
exist,  
We meet dim-glimmering on its thorny stalk,  
Some pale intangible rose with leaves of  
mist!

## Our Story Teller.

## A RACE FOR A LIFE.

In 18— I was first mate of the *Monico*,  
one of the Red King line, and then one  
of the best going boats in the Atlantic  
service.

I had run across (while the ship was  
in dock) from Liverpool to my home  
near Doncaster to see my sister Patty,  
before her marriage. She was engaged to  
a young lieutenant of the name of  
Rupert Rowling, the nephew and heir  
of old Jonathan Rowling, a wealthy,  
eccentric country squire in Yorkshire,  
and it was not only a good match for  
her, but Rupert, whom I had known  
from childhood—we were at school to-  
gether—was one of the heartiest and  
most genuine fellows you'd find in a  
day's walk.

When I arrived at Doncaster I was  
surprised to find things all in an  
upturn. Old Rowling had, it seemed,  
taken some offense at an inno-  
cent, but misunderstood remark of  
Rupert's, and had flown into a terrible  
passion, swearing he would disinherit  
him. Rupert, who was a high-spirited  
young chap, gave the old man a bit of  
his mind, and they had a violent quar-  
rel, which ended in Mr. Rowling turn-  
ing his nephew out of the house and  
forbidding him to ever show his face  
there again. That was on Thursday,  
a fortnight before my visit.

On the evening of the quarrel Rupert  
called on my sister and told her of what  
had taken place, and they agreed to  
postpone the wedding for the present.  
He then left, as he stated, for London,  
where he was due to join his regiment  
on the following Saturday.

The next morning (Friday) every-  
body was started at hearing that old  
Jonathan Rowling had been found dead  
in a plantation on his estate. He was  
lying face downward, and had evident-  
ly been shot in the back by some one,  
the bullet having penetrated to the  
heart and killed him instantly; and,  
on a medical examination, it was ascer-  
tained that the murder—for such it  
was—must have been committed on  
the previous night, for death had  
taken place many hours before the  
body was found.

The fact of the quarrel between the  
deceased and his nephew was already  
public property, and suspicion at once  
pointed to Rupert as the probable cul-  
prit. The police soon ascertained that  
Rupert's movements, which showed that  
he had called on Patty, as I have stated,  
and that he caught the next express for  
London, the time between his leaving  
Patty and the starting of the train giv-  
ing him plenty of opportunity to com-  
mit the crime had been so minded;  
and, moreover, his room from my sister  
to the station took him alongside the  
plantation in which his uncle's  
body was found.

The London detectives were put to  
work, and they ascertained that Rupert  
had a revolver of the same caliber as  
the shot found in old Rowling's corpse,  
and the upshot was that he was ar-  
rested and brought before the magis-  
trates at Doncaster.

The sashes were just approaching,  
and, when I arrived on the scene, Ru-  
pert stood committed for trial on the  
charge of murdering his uncle.

I could do nothing to help him, but I  
went to the assize town and saw him in  
prison. He denied all knowledge of  
the crime, swearing to me that he was  
absolutely innocent. I believed him,  
but the evidence was overwhelming.  
The station master at Doncaster spoke  
of Rupert's rushing into the station in  
a great hurry, and looking very upset;  
and the revolver, which he admitted he  
had used for some days, had one cham-  
ber empty. Many other things, trivial  
in themselves, but every black when put  
together, were brought out at the trial,  
and before I left I had heard him found  
guilty by the jury and sentenced to  
death by the judge. It all seemed like  
a ghastly dream.

I was due to return to my ship, the  
*Monico*, and I bade Rupert good-by. I  
don't mind telling you that I sobbed  
like a child. I shouldn't have felt it so  
if I could have done anything, even to  
try and help him, but I was perfectly  
powerless.

My sister, of course, was in a terrible  
way, and I hardly liked leaving her,  
but my whole future depended on my keep-  
ing my position in the Red King line,  
so I wrenched myself away and was  
on board the *Monico* the next morning.

We sailed the following day, which  
was a Wednesday, and the last thing  
I heard before leaving Liverpool was  
that poor Rupert's execution had been  
fixed for Thursday in the next week.

We had a heavy cargo of goods and

a lot of passengers; but, I tell you, my  
heart seemed heavier when we started  
on that voyage than the ship, cargo,  
passengers and all.

The *Monico* was considered a fast ves-  
sel at that time. She generally took  
just over seven days to do the passage,  
and we were due in New York on the  
Wednesday evening before Rupert's  
execution.

Everything went well till the Monday  
afternoon, when one of the steerage  
passengers, a man of the name of  
Charles Cappermoale, fell down a hatch-  
way, breaking his back and receiving  
internal injuries, from which the doc-  
tor said he was bound to die within  
four or five hours. It was very sad, of  
course, but couldn't be helped, and  
although anything of the sort puts a  
gloom over the ship, I was too much  
engrossed in my own trouble to think  
much of it. But just after one bell  
(6:30 o'clock) the captain came to me.

"Speak," he said, "you were telling  
me about the trouble your sister's  
fiance had got into. It's a most ex-  
traordinary thing, but this man, Cap-  
permoale, has been telling the doctor  
a tale about his having shot his father's  
landlord in Yorkshire, and that he be-  
lieves this accident is a judgment on  
him. I have seen him, and he says the  
man of the name he murdered was  
Rowling, which is the name you men-  
tioned. I think, and if you will come  
with me to the hospital, where the poor  
wretch is lying, you can hear his yarn  
for yourself."

I was thunder-struck. I got the  
third officer to take my place for a short  
time, and hurried off to the side of the  
injured man.

His statement was somewhat ram-  
bling, but with the help of a clergyman,  
who was a passenger, we reduced it to  
writing in a tangible shape, and it was  
about something like this:

"I, Charles Cappermoale, lately resid-  
ing at Marten's Hole, near Doncaster,  
Yorkshire, but now a passenger on  
board the steamship *Monico* (Capt.  
Marner) in mid-Atlantic, having met  
with an accident by falling down a  
hatchway, and being, as I well know,  
within a short time of death, do make  
this solemn statement and declare the  
same to be true, so help me God.

"I am a farm laborer, and until re-  
cently was living with my father and  
mother at Marten's Hole, where my  
father rented a small farm under Mr.  
Jonathan Rowling. The same farm has  
been in the possession of my father  
all his life, and of his father before him,  
and it was our whole livelihood.

"Mr. Jonathan Rowling had a disagree-  
ment with my father last year but one,  
just before Michaelmas, about some  
hedges which he insisted my father  
should renew, but which had always  
been replaced before that time at the  
expense of the landlord. My father re-  
fused to replant them at his own ex-  
pense, and Mr. Rowling gave him notice  
to quit, which expired at Michaelmas  
last, and he subsequently turned my  
parents and myself out of the farm in  
the middle of winter.

"My mother was in a very feeble and  
delicate state of health, and the dis-  
turbance caused her death, and my father,  
being broken-hearted and ruined, was  
compelled to go into the workhouse.  
"I determined to emigrate to Amer-  
ica, and, with the assistance of a benev-  
olent society, I obtained my passage  
money and outfit and enough cash in  
my pocket to prevent my being turned  
back as a pauper on landing in the  
United States. I booked my passage on  
the steamship *Monico*, but before start-  
ing on the voyage I saw my father in  
the workhouse. His misfortunes had  
so shattered him that he was dying,  
and, exasperated and filled with indig-  
nation, I determined to be avenged on  
Mr. Rowling, who had been the cause  
of my mother's and my father's deaths,  
and my ruin and emigration.

"I had bought a revolver to take with  
me, and, tramping to Doncaster, I laid  
in wait for Mr. Rowling on the evening  
of Thursday, the 24th of May last. I  
knew that it was his habit to walk  
through the plantation, which adjoins  
a lane called Bank's lane, every night  
between eight and nine o'clock—his  
purpose being to see if any rabbit  
snarls had been laid by poachers—and  
I hid myself behind some bushes in  
this plantation, close to the path. I  
presently heard footsteps, and directly  
afterward I saw Mr. Rowling walk  
along the lane where I was lying.  
As soon as he got past me I stood up  
and, aiming the revolver at him, I shot  
him in the back. He lifted up his arms  
and, with a great cry, fell face forward,  
dead.

"It was nearly dark, and I crept out  
of the plantation into the lane without  
anyone seeing me. I walked that night  
to Wakefield, along by-roads well  
known to me, and from thence, on fol-  
lowing days, to Huddersfield, Ashton,  
Manchester, Newton and Liverpool,  
from which port I was to take passage  
to New York.

"In Liverpool I heard the murder  
spoken of for the first time, and, to my  
surprise, I found that Mr. Rupert Row-  
ling, my father's nephew, was charged  
with it. I never thought for a mo-  
ment that they could find him guilty  
of the murder he had not committed,  
and I took no steps to let the  
truth be known. When I afterward  
learned that he was convicted of the  
murder and sentenced to death, I knew  
I ought to go back and own the deed  
I had done, but I could not bring my  
mind to do so, and I went on board  
the *Monico*, well knowing I was leav-  
ing behind me an innocent man to be  
hanged for the murder I had commit-  
ted. The revolver with which I shot  
Mr. Rowling is in my box. All which  
is true, as I declare.

Cappermoale signed this statement,  
and the clergyman, the captain, the  
doctor and myself witnessed it, and  
shortly after five bells (10:30 o'clock  
at night) Cappermoale died, being  
buried at sea the next day, Tuesday.

I had been melancholy and depressed,  
without hope, before, but now began  
my anxious time.

Cappermoale's statement was of no  
use unless I could get the knowledge of  
it to the authorities in England in  
time to stop my friend Rupert's execu-  
tion on Thursday morning, and it was  
a race against time. We were, in or-  
dinary course, due at New York on  
Wednesday afternoon about four  
o'clock, which would be about nine  
o'clock at night in England. We had  
favorable weather and had made good  
way, and if we kept on we should be  
in on time, if not before; but on Tues-  
day morning we ran into a dense fog,  
and our course was impeded and the  
engines were slowed down.

I sought the captain, and told him  
exactly what was depending on our  
not losing time. He was a fine fellow,  
was Capt. Marner, and he fully sym-  
pathized with me.

## PROOF IS POSITIVE

THAT LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S  
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Is Daily Curing Backache, Dizziness,  
Faintness, Irrregularity, and All Fe-  
male Complaints.

[SPECIAL TO OLD LADIES READERS.]  
Intelligent women no longer doubt the  
value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable  
Compound. It speedily relieves irregu-  
larity, suppressed or painful men-  
struation.



Weakness of the stomach, indiges-  
tion, bloating, leucorrhoea, womb  
trouble, nervous prostration, head-  
ache, general debility, etc. Symptoms of  
this kind are cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's  
Vegetable Compound.

**Bearing-Down Feeling.**  
causing pain, weight, and backache, is  
instantly relieved and permanently cured  
by its use. Under all circumstances it  
acts in perfect harmony with the laws  
that govern the female system, is  
seen without exception to relieve the  
Kidney Complaints in either sex.

**Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills**  
work in unison with the Compound, and  
are a sure cure for constipation and sick-  
headache. Mrs. Pinkham's Sensitive  
Liver is frequently a great deal of  
trouble to the system. Correspondence  
is freely solicited by the Lydia E. Pink-  
ham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., and the  
strictest confidence assured. All drugs  
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Liquid, Pills, and Lozenges.

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spoiled young woman of eighteen.  
Since the death of her mother, a few  
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It is not strange, therefore, that Miss  
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alized this, and from a distance admired  
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All but one; that one was Bob Carr,  
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"See here," he said to her one day.  
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So Bob called at the farmhouse to be  
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The greatest bell is the Kremlin, in  
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## LEGEND OF INDIAN HILL.

BY JESSIE M. TRESHAM.

There is no more picturesque region  
in the state of West Virginia than that  
through which flows the little stream  
known as Indian river. Its valley is  
green and fertile, broadening as the  
stream approaches its outlet, the  
mighty Ohio, and hemmed in by chains  
of rugged hills.

The stream derives its name from the  
fact that, prior to the time of the first  
white settlers, this valley was a favor-  
ite hunting ground of many Indian  
tribes of the Ohio valley. Traces of  
their occupancy still remain. The  
farmer yet upturns the ashes of their  
fires, and the implements of war with  
his plowshare. And, on a hill  
overlooking the river not far from its  
mouth, are the graves of many of the  
race.

Most of the traditions have long since  
been forgotten, but one concerning  
this spot is still preserved. Once in the  
early days of the white settlement, a  
large party of Indians came into the  
valley to hunt, and one night encamped  
on Indian hill. That night a band of  
unprincipled white men fell upon their  
unarmed camp, and massacred the  
entire party. Not one escaped to tell  
the story of the murder. The chief,  
a warrior, who had always shown great  
friendship for the whites, was taken  
mortally wounded before the leader of  
the attacking party. With the dignity  
of his race, he raised his head, and  
looked with scorn into the faces of his  
captors. Then with his last breath, he  
invoked a curse upon each of them—  
a death by violence.

So goes the legend. There remains  
to prove its truth the hill, whose story  
so stubbornly refuses to yield any  
crop but desolate patches of broom-  
sage and a few stunted cedar shrubs—the  
effect of the curse, the country people  
say. The same authorities tell us that  
these warriors night the old chief was  
killed, had one possession which was  
dearer to him than field and woodland  
—his daughter Winnie.

Winnie was a pretty and rather  
spoiled young woman of eighteen.  
Since the death of her mother, a few  
years before, she had been practically  
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ing the brown fields, and powdering  
lightly the green foliage of pine and  
cedar; little patches of it clung to the  
bare, wintry nakedness. The  
moon had not yet risen, but the light  
of the faded day seemed to linger over  
the landscape.

"Beautiful night, isn't it?" remarked  
Bob, holding open the gate for Winnie  
to pass through.

"Yes," answered Winnie, carelessly.  
"Don't the bushes look pretty, drifted  
with snow?" went on Bob.

These remarks were something un-  
usual from Bob, who, as a rule, main-  
tained a strict silence till Winnie, in  
desperation, made some comment on  
the weather. Bob was evidently work-  
ing up into a sentimental mood,  
and there was no telling to what it  
would lead.

"How ghostly Indian hill looks," sug-  
gested Winnie, glancing toward the  
haunted spot, white and desolate in the  
twilight.

Bob looked toward the place and  
shivered involuntarily, as the many  
stories concerning it recurred to him.  
"Did you ever see the Indian chief  
that haunts the hill?" continued Win-  
nie, wickledly.

"No, I never did, but lots of people  
have," said Bob. "It is a sure sign of  
bad luck, they say; Uncle Sam Gibson  
saw him a few nights before he broke  
his leg, and Joe Smith just before his  
house burned."

"It would be a great experience to  
see a ghost, though. I almost wish he  
would make his appearance now," re-  
marked Winnie. But her companion  
shuddered at the very thought.

They strolled toward the schoolhouse,  
where Winnie escaped from her escort,  
and sought the society of some friends.  
The pupils of the rival schools took  
their places on the floor, and spelled  
without intermission till they were all  
tired out. Then everybody prepared to  
set out for home.

"Let's follow the path across the  
fields," proposed Winnie, as they were  
leaving. "It's ever so much nearer."

"But that leads right past Indian hill,"  
objected Bob.

"You aren't afraid?" demanded Win-  
nie, scornfully.

"No, I'm not," declared Bob, some-  
what proudly. "It was only thinking you  
might be."

So across the fields they went. Bob  
derived some satisfaction for the insult  
offered him in the pleasure of assisting  
Winnie over the fences. As they drew  
near the haunted spot, Winnie herself  
felt anything but bold, and, fixing her  
eyes on the lights of her home gleam-  
ing in the distance, she hurried along  
as fast as even Bob wished to go.

They were crossing the last fence at  
the very foot of the hill, when Winnie,  
standing on the fence, with her hands  
on the top rail, involuntarily raised her  
eyes. Instantly they fell upon an ob-  
ject which checked her, and turned her  
toward the hill. Bob raised his eyes  
and saw the specter. For an instant  
he stared at it with a gaping mouth,  
and then, with a yell of terror, turned  
and fled.

Winnie, left to her fate, started to  
follow. But, getting the better of her  
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